

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future, with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.—Elbert Hubbard.

## Mr. Bryan's Obsession

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Bryan is sincere at all times. Many do not believe him to be sincere at anytime. It is possibly true that a partisan politician is never sincere and Mr. Bryan has never been anything if not a partisan politician. It is generally agreed by thoughtful persons that Mr. Bryan is of no great depth, that he is not a finished scholar and that he is not a reliably sound thinker. While he has succeeded many times in arousing the wildest and noisiest enthusiasm of his idolaters, he has never grasped the sentiment, or appealed to the silent, sober judgment of the great majority of his countrymen. Much of the following he has had from time to time has been the mere froth that foams at the top of the cup of common sense.

In criticizing President Wilson's Manhattan Club speech on Thursday night, Mr. Bryan said:

"The address is a departure from our traditions a reversal of our national policy a menace to our peace and safety and a challenge to the spirit of Christianity which teaches us to influence others by example rather than by exciting fear."

We cannot believe that Mr. Bryan, with all his superficiality and shallowness said that from the bottom of his heart. He cannot believe that what the president proposes is a reversal of a national policy with respect to national defense for we have never had a national policy in that respect. Mr. Bryan may suppose that the "embattled farmers" of the middle west could as many of them as said they could, put to flight with their shot guns and squirrel rifles the trained armies of Europe, and that he may construe to be a national policy. It may be also that Mr. Bryan has mistaken the conduct of our "pork barrel" congresses for a national policy. It is only proposed now that we shall have for the first time a national policy with respect to national defense. No policy is to be reversed; one is to be inaugurated.

Nothing could be more Pecksniffian than the words of Mr. Bryan, "a challenge to the spirit of Christianity which teaches us to influence others by example rather than by exciting fear." It is such language as this that warrants the epithet in the title of a recent article in the Century, by James Davenport Whelpley, "The American Pharisee." Has our policy of meekness and non-preparedness, and surely we have offered it long enough, prevented the ravaging of Belgium? Has it averted the flow of blood in France and Flanders? Did it prevent the fierce titanic struggles in the Dardanelles, along the Isonzo, the Strya, the Str and in the mountains of Serbia? Europe could have no finer example of ineffectual peace than we have presented.

What is Mr. Bryan and what are we that with our looseness of methods, our wastefulness, our utter want of system, that we should suppose that we could impress Europe, the systematic, the highly specialized, by our "example?" The absurdity of it all sinks in as we contemplate it.

More thoughtless than anything else, if possible, that Mr. Bryan's statement contains is his belief that our "preparedness increases as the other nations of the world would exhaust themselves." When in history has Mr. Bryan seen a great nation exhausted at the end of a long war? At the close of the four years' civil war the United States was far stronger than at the beginning. France understood that when she recalled Marshal Faidherbe from Mexico without a protest. Germany or Great Britain, with hostile designs against the United States would be better prepared to execute them after peace this year, next, or the year after that, than either of them would have been on August 1, 1914.

Before unqualifiedly condemning Mr. Bryan as insincere we would suggest that he is again the victim of an obsession. All his great ideas have been obsessions—free silver, anti-imperialism, the government ownership of railroads and, now—peace.

## Shall We Shrive Up?

For thousands of years and perhaps for millions of them, inhabitants of the earth have been wondering and guessing how it will come to an end. Some think that the Bible furnishes authority for believing that it will be destroyed by fire as all animal life except a few specimens was once destroyed by flood. Others believe that there will come an absence of heat and that, finally, things will be frozen up. One guess is as good as another if we

have to guess at all. We can only be reasonably sure of one thing and that is that, as within human experience, all earthly things must have an end as well as beginning, there will somehow come an end of the world.

The drying or shriveling up theory is supported in an article by Eugene Marais recently published by the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Marais holds that instead of there being a perfectly balanced cycle of moisture evaporation and precipitation, the earth is sucking up the moisture like a sponge and is doomed to dry up wholly some day. He shows that Waterburg, South Africa was a generation or two ago a large, well watered district of great fertility, but in recent years it has become so dry that the human inhabitants and many of the lower animals have been forced to leave and many changes in the vegetable and animal life that remains have been noticed. Ngami, a lake half a century ago, is now no more than a marsh and the great Limpopo river loses itself in the sands when it tries to pass through the Waterburg district.

But we think that this manifestation has occurred within too short a period to indicate that it is in general progress all over the world. Changes denoting the death of a world would come slowly and almost imperceptibly. The phenomenon observed by Mr. Marais is not a new one but it is generally ascribed to other and local causes.

It is surmised that this once very populous region of the Salt River Valley went through a drying up process that must have covered a long series of years and that the people then living here were finally obliged to emigrate. If so, the valley has certainly "come back," this time to stay unless the great watershed of the Salt should all go dry at once.

It is a fact that many of the smaller streams in the eastern and middle states are not nearly so large as they once were, anyway, they do not seem so large when we revisit them, as they were when we used to fish or swim in them. That they have diminished is undoubtedly true, for we recall some which had a strong flow of water at all times of the year, that are now dry except in a rainy season. But that drying up is explained by the cutting away of the woodlands at the sources and along the upper courses of the streams as well as by the greater cultivation of the lands along their banks. There is as much moisture as ever in the vicinity of the streams but it is not seen in their channels.

Anyway, it too early to worry about the end of the world. It is more important that we should worry about the end of life with which we are much more concerned than with the ultimate fate of the world. Emerson once replied to a fanatic who told him that the world was about to come to an end: "If that is to be its fate perhaps we can get along very nicely without it."

While the allied governments of Europe have put themselves under bond not to enter into peace negotiations separately, the neutral nations of Europe and the papacy are forming a compact not to undertake negotiations unless it should be acceptable to both belligerents. Yet we suppose the United States is still standing on tip toe to accept the position of mediator though it has been twice snubbed by both sides.

"If I had lived two centuries ago and advocated what I do now, I would have been hung," said Mr. Bryan in a late Ohio address. Doubtless sticklers for the correct use of English would condemn him to be "hung" now for this outrage on grammar.

Harper's Weekly accuses, in a veiled inquiry, the versatile B. L. T. of the Chicago Tribune of plagiarism. If the accusation is sustained we will henceforth believe any story of crime that may be told of anybody. If B. L. T. stole anything from the Weekly, he is a kleptomaniac, pilfering from pure love of it and not from necessity.

It is a good sign that accusations are not being hurled back and forth regarding the origin of the Clifton fire. Though it may have been started by an incendiary, he could not have been one who was interested in the resumption of industrial activity in the Clifton district, and both strikers and mine owners are so interested.

We never could see how the borrowing of a half billion dollars was going to improve sterling exchange and it seems not to have done so, in spite of the expectation of noted financiers.

Speaking of squirrel rifles in modern warfare, we are just informed by a contemporary that they would be about as effective as a pink parasol in a Galveston hurricane.

We are thankful that the contest for the post-mastership passed so quietly—and so quickly, before the populace had time to stir itself into a state of excitement.

All things are working for the good of the state fair. The rain a week in advance will leave the roads in a condition of perfection.

"Villa is being hemmed in." Let the stitches be good and strong.

Yesterday was the day of the Teutonic allies in all the theaters of war.

## A PLEASANT PARABLE

Little Willie was asked if he had ever studied the Bible.  
"Yes, sir," he replied.  
"Then, of course, you know all about the parables," said the questioner.  
"Yes, sir," said Willie.  
"Good!" replied the questioner. "And now tell me which parable you like the best."  
"I like the one where everybody loafs and fishes," said Willie.—New York Post.

## LITTLE JAMES

(Why Greece Stands Hesitant on the Threshold of the War).

Th' Grix don't know whether to jump into th' Wor or not. Some of 'em sez: "We like to know first where are we goin' to Git Off at. But Mister Venzoolus he sez to th' King, "My Bet's on th' Allize." Th' King he realize: "I abut so shure which way th' Cal's goin' to Hop."

"Besides," the King tells Mister Venzoolus, "You don't rely Understand like I do what a Horrible Wor we'd be Buttin' into if we was to Jine th' Allize, an' anyway it turned out I'd be Gittin' th' Worst of it. I'd be All Rite for you an' th' Best of th' Grix if th' Allize was to Win but I'd be in th' Hole anyway you could Fix it. I don't know but I'd be worse off 'n of th' Germans an' Ostiches was to Win."

"If we was to Jine th' Allize an' be Successfull, My Troubles'd jist be gittin' a Good Start when th' Wor was over. You see I'm married to a Female Relatiff of th' Keezer an' you know what that there Hollenzollern Family is all like. My Hostilities'd be goin' on long after th' Rest of Yurrup was at Peace an' had forgot about th' Wor. So, you see, Mister Venzoolus, why I'm movin' kind of Coshus like in this here Wor Bizness. I don't want to Git Lined up so's at My Wife is goin' to be a Blig-grant on th' other side, fer I had enuff Experiences with her to know how it'd be shure to Turn Out. I ain't goin' to Rush into no certin Disaster."

Mister Venzoolus he sez, "Yer Magness, I p'esside your Difficult Position in Yer Family. Relashun 'Nt this here Wor in Yurrup ain't no Mere Domestic Disturbance or Family Affair. Th' Fat of Greece is Involved up into it an' as Grix has got to know which side our Bread is Buttered onto, as th' Immortle Playtee sez, You ain't no Grix but I believe yer Symptons is with us an' I'd advise you at our Divorce Courts is in Operashun an' if I was you I'd Research that there former Miss Hollenzollern's Maiden name to her an' do it Quick so's 'at you could go ahead with th' Bizness of King without no Domestic Interruptions of No Kind."

"It's a Development of a Hole Neshun is Held back from Wor jist because a Woman puts th' Kibosh onto it. If our Grate antisite, Alecksander th' Grate had 'a had that kind of a Helmet he'd 'a had somethin' else to Weap about 'n becos they wasn't no More Worlds fer him to Conker!"

LITTLE JAMES.

## Uncensored Sense and Nonsense

(By Remlik)

Now the autumn leaves are falling  
They are falling here and there  
They are falling thru the atmosphere,  
And likewise thru the air.  
The reason they are falling  
Must be very plain to all.  
Tis because the autumn leaflets,  
Come unfastened in the fall.

Some folks might think there wasn't any sense in that verse—people are funny things. There may be something in that poem—I don't know what it could be; but there might.

When Sir Isaac Newton saw the apple falling to the ground he decided there was a reason—that was when—when—well, that was when that thing he discovered was discovered. Now there were people who said Sir Isaac was nutcase—he was nut—he made quite a hit with the world.

Here is a verse that Eugene Field wrote and it has a meaning. You will have to decide what it is, though it is undoubtedly true.

The glugging glinked in the glimmering gloam,  
Where the bezzaz bumbled his bee—  
When the flimflam flitted, all flecked with foam,  
From the sozzling and succulent sea.  
"Oh, swither the swipe, with its sweltering sweep!"  
She swore as she swayed in a swoon,  
And a doleful dink dumped over the deep.

To the lay of the limpid loon!  
Fie! didn't have any monopoly on verse writing. Some of us may be able to get money for that kind of stuff some-day, too. I don't know how it's done, but sillier stuff than that can be written—I'll show you some day.

"Germans receive check in Serbia." Maybe it's a phoney news item who rent it—most of those other countries have been "overdrawn" for some time.

A Los Angeles aviator flew a thousand miles in ten hours—wonder what his hurry was.

Daily Clifton report—"no new developments." That ain't a strike, it's a Sunday school convention.

What's a strike without a riot? Answer—It's the thing they are having in Clifton without a saloon.

Asquith wouldn't be any good as a dip—he tells the truth in real English. People don't like to hear the truth, always.

Copper City Brewery was struck three times by bullets during the border battle. It was struck before that when it tried to put over the near-beer deal in Phoenix. May as well shoot it down—the dinged thing can't do business in Arizona, anyhow.

There will be four beaubs at the state fair—for DIVERS reasons—I am going because I want to see big pumpkins and things. I never did think it was nice for ladies to dress that way—even

## ANN MATILDA JONES

POETESS

Her Reflections in Prose and Verse  
(All Rights Reserved.)

### CHAPTER THREE

I was warned, by a friend, to be impersonal in this volume. But I hold that an author can write best about what he best knows. I know the following story by heart. It is the only poem I ever wrote which was declined by the Bugle. I know the reason. The old wretch who inspired it, takes three copies of the paper. Thus is the independence and usefulness of the press sometimes hampered. Read what follows and judge:

#### Josephus Skaggs, Widower

A widower, Josephus Skaggs,  
Whose trousers spread like barley bags  
About his wobbly knees,  
At early twilight sought my door.  
He came to do a foolish chore  
Approached by slow degrees.

He ventured, first, to list his lands  
The goods and chattels in his hands,  
And then his money bags,  
But I'll be brief. He said he came  
To see if I would change my name  
Forsooth from Jones to Skaggs.

"If you will be my ownest own  
Nor longer linger here alone,  
In helpless spinsterhood,  
We'll make a happy home I know;  
Your silly rhymes you can forego  
Nor nurse so poor a brood!"

I was so "hopping mad" at that I  
I said, "Resume your hat,  
And from my presence travel!"  
But took another tack indeed,  
Ere I should hear his steps recede  
Adown the creaking gravel.

I cited him the Widow Ames,  
And three more antiquated dames  
Who might with him have dealt  
In age.

He said, "My Shasta may be old  
But, probably, not quite as cold  
As they, in all their feelings."

But later on—a year or more—  
I learned he'd courted all the four  
Old parties I had mentioned.  
For making such a score as that,  
And never giving up the bat,  
I trow he should be pensioned.

What, drop my diamond-pointed pen?  
I wouldn't for a dozen men;  
"Twould be a stupid blunder.  
I know full well a woman's heart—  
How Passion sometimes toys with Art,  
And bears away the plunder.

With pulsing breast, and wistful face,  
She loves to linger near the place  
Where Cupid makes invasion;  
And if, perchance, his prickly dart  
Has missed, or merely grazed her heart,  
She'll welcome more persuasion.

But I'll not enter such a net  
As old Josephus tried to set  
For Ann Matilda Jones;  
Nor be the second Mistress Skaggs  
For all his farms and money-bags,  
And all he thinks he owns.

He drinks, and he has learned to swear—  
A thin, gray lambrequin of hair  
His cerebellum fringes;  
He's balder than a billiard ball,  
His arms and lower limbs have all  
Grown rusty in their hinges.

So I unleashed a single word,  
Which I made doubly sure he heard.  
The old, adventurous rover!  
Then added: "I will have you not  
Till Heaven becomes supremely hot,  
And Hades frozen over!"

I will own that I was rather hot and hasty. But that settled him. He hasn't come this way since that moment; and even now the name of Skaggs sends the shivers galloping down my spine like cup-winning horses at the Derby. I would not marry him if he were twenty years younger; nor if he rivaled Apollo in manly beauty, St. Paul in piety, or Lord Bacon in learning and wisdom. Yet I hear that he is again on the war path in hot chase after a Widow Johnson, several miles up the Hollow, where he is not so well known. Heaven protect her!

ANN MATILDA JONES.  
(To Be Continued)

## Where the People May Have Hearing

The Guard Not at Fault

To the Editor of The Republic.  
Sir: In your editorial of November 2nd entitled "Deportations from Clifton" wherein you state that a solicitor for an El Paso newspaper was deported by the strikers; I wish to call your attention to the last paragraph which reads as follows:

"There is a still more serious phase of the matter, affecting not merely the town of Clifton, but the government of Arizona. A strong force of the National Guard is in the strike zone and has been there for many weeks. It has never been claimed by the strikers, who take to themselves whatever degree of order that has been preserved there, that the

diver ladies. I wouldn't even look at 'em—O, of course, if I happened to be around there—

"Germans are getting hold of the copper mines in Serbia." We know how that feels—the Mexicans have got ours.

## The Safe Way

is to insist upon one of our Guarantee Title Policies.

## Phoenix Title and Trust Co.

18 N. First Ave.

## SCHOOL IN MOURNING FOR A FORMER CADET

The following letter was received yesterday from President Sherer of Hitchcock Military Academy at San Rafael, California, concerning the death of Otto Balke:

San Rafael, Nov. 3.  
Mr. R. L. Balke,  
Phoenix, Arizona.

My Dear Mr. Balke,  
Your wire arrived this morning and we were all shocked to hear of Otto's death. We have missed him exceedingly since he left us and many of the boys have asked me when he was coming back.

I wish to express to you, on behalf of the faculty and the cadets who knew Otto, our sincerest sympathy in your sad bereavement.

Our flag shall fly at half mast until retreat Thursday in honor of his memory.

Very Sincerely

REX W. SHERER.

## BOYS AND GIRLS WILL EXHIBIT AT STATE FAIR

The Boys and Girls Club members who exhibited at the Northern Arizona Fair will send their products to the State Fair to compete for statewide honors. The following members won honors in their respective clubs:

Beryl Coulson, O. K. Corn Club, Oatman, Arizona.  
Emmit Malston, O. K. Corn Club, Oatman, Arizona.  
Chas. Hummel, Grain Sorghum Club, Dewey, Arizona.

Several other entries will be sent to strengthen the northern boys exhibits, as very few of the boys had corn time enough to exhibit at the Northern Arizona Fair. The State Fair officials have set apart a corner booth to be used for a boys' and girls' club exhibit, and it is the wish of the officials that this exhibit be made one of the main display features.

## Little Sermons on Saving=No. 35

## Acquiring Thrift

Thrift is an attribute which is not acquired in a moment. Real Thrift must be a habit. Habit is formed by repeating an action until it becomes automatic.

Therefore, in order to instil deepseated habits of Thrift the individual must acquire, by degrees, the habit of saving money.

We are not all born Thrifty, but with concentration we can acquire it. It will give you confidence and courage, give you life, grip and grit, and will make you free and independent and self-reliant, and in a way that nothing else can.

## The Phoenix Savings Bank and Trust Co.

"PHOENIX" ONLY SAVING BANK